I'm Lost Too

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/48907561.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Retfærdighedens ryttere | Riders of Justice (2020), The Jane Austen Book Club (2007), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Markus Hansen (Retfærdighedens ryttere)/Grigg Harris
Characters:	Markus Hansen (Retfærdighedens ryttere), Grigg Harris
Additional Tags:	Post canon Martin, AU Grigg, Trans Male Character, trans Grigg Harris, canon death (Markus' wife), Prequel, Personal Reflection, Self-Discovery, tw for slurs, Self-Hatred, Internalized Homophobia, Self-Acceptance, Confessions, Kissing, hand job (on a trans man), Squirting, Happy Ending, Prompt Fill, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site, do not use for AI training
Language:	English
Series:	Part 148 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics, Part 47 of Non Cis Fics
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-27 Words: 3,596 Chapters: 1/1

I'm Lost Too

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Prequel to Couldn't Wait

Markus and Grigg's individual journeys of discovery lead them to each other.

Markus flicked through the app, not really paying attention to any of the profiles and not swiping for any of them.

It had been three years since his wife was killed and whilst he wasn't particularly looking for anything or anyone, his daughter kept encouraging him to meet new people. Even if just as friends, even if for a date or two. Maybe nothing more, maybe something.

Just Mathilde insisting on that had made Markus realise how much she must mean it. She'd loved her mother deeply and missed her in ways Markus hadn't always been equipped to deal with. So for her to suggest that he needed to find someone outside of the weird little circle of friends they had grown since the accident, he had taken those words to heart.

He had made an effort. Partly.

He had set up the app, looking for 'friends, dates, maybe more', but he never really looked at any of the pretty faces that rolled by. It just became a habit for when he was bored. He'd been lucky enough to get set up in a desk job at the local barracks rather than being deployed again, now that he was a single dad and needed to take care of his daughter. So life was very different to how it had been, in so many ways.

It did mean early starts and sometimes he was home before she returned from school, and those were the times that felt incredibly empty. He hadn't known much outside of the army, it had been his life since before he even met his wife. He didn't know who he was without it in some form or another. But being stationed at home gave him downtime in a way he never had when deployed. Being on tour was never 9 to 5. He was never lonely, always with fellow soldiers. He didn't know how to cope with the time he could now spend in his own head.

The time where he could explore why he joined the army, and maybe more importantly, why he'd volunteered for deployment after deployment instead of spending that time with his wife and child.

The thought made Markus' face flush, his neck burn. Maybe things would have been different if he'd thought for one minute that he could accept who he was back when he'd been younger, instead of fighting against it. He'd done the right thing, though. That much he knew.

There was no way he was a fucking faggot.

The thought made his throat tight and he aggressively scrolled past a few more profiles and then stopped. His thumb hovering over the phone screen. He thought it was an ad or something at first, but then realised it was a profile.

The photo was blank - no image provided. And where most had profile names like "Stacey, 29, looking for fun", this one simply said, "I'm so lost."

Markus blinked and shifted in his seat. There was barely any information, the location showed as within 25 miles of his own, and the rest of the mandatory fields were completed - brown hair, blue eyes, height and weight that put them at a toned build. All the same, not enough information to imagine them in place of a photo.

He lingered on the profile a little longer before finally swiping on it and sending a message, "I'm lost too."

Markus closed the app and took himself to the home gym he'd installed in the huge barn. He needed to work off some of this pent up energy.

*

At first they didn't exchange any details at all. No real names, and his only photo was the rather stern looking one on his profile. They just began talking about how lost they both felt in the lives they were living, without even really given much detail, only recognition and support. But then more than that, when support turned into talking about anything and

everything that wasn't painful. What made them happy and reminders that there was happiness to be had.

They had been talking a few weeks before 'I'm So Lost' disappeared.

It was only for a few days, and in that time Markus realised how much of his time he spent messaging with them, how much of a hole they left when they were gone. It hurt, bringing back memories of the sudden and unexpected loss of his wife.

He picked up the phone immediately when at last an alert came through.

:: I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to worry you. My husband and I had a fight ::

This was the first time that they had mentioned being married, but the secrecy and hesitation had made Markus assume something along those lines.

:: You want to talk about it? ::

There wasn't another message for hours, and then the floodgates opened.

:: We've been drifting apart for years. Partly my fault, I have a huge secret I've never told him, that I can't tell him. That he's made it impossible for me to tell him. He's not the same person I married, but neither am I. I've changed, or become more myself, made some realisations that I've had to work through alone. Because I don't know if he'd understand, and he has never realised. All these years and he has noticed nothing. And now he's always with his friends, drinking. And so I can't tell him. I don't feel like I can tell him. But I can't live like this any more. I need to be able to be myself but he has made it impossible for me to include him in that. ::

Markus read and reread the wall of text, trying to think of how to reply when finally they messaged again.

:: My name is Grigg. I'm a trans man but I'm not out and currently still living as a woman and I don't know how much more I can take. I need to be able to be me, for my own sake and for the sake of my children ::

Markus took in a deep breath as he digested the words. He opened another window on his phone and googled "trans man", reading over a couple of summaries in order to ensure he understood what they - what *he* - meant, before replying.

:: It's nice to meet you Grigg. I am here for you, if there is anything that you need ::

*

Grigg had informed Markus's expectations before the first time they met. Elaborating on just what it meant to be a man but presenting as a woman.

They finally met in a small out of the way bar in Copenhagen, and whilst Grigg did look like a woman he dressed like a man and Markus immediately got that vibe from him. He had only

ever really known him as Grigg, as male, and so despite the perceived femininity before him, he didn't consider Grigg a woman.

"Hey," Markus greeted awkwardly as they met at the bar. They bought drinks in silence and then found a table out of the way, not that it was busy.

"Thank you," Grigg said immediately as they sat down. When Markus cocked a brown he continued hurriedly, "thank you for doing this. I don't know anyone else I can confide in, or be myself with."

Markus gave a curt nod, accepting the thanks. He already knew this, that Grigg just didn't have the opportunity to be himself in any aspect of his life or with anyone he already knew.

"Like I said, anything you need, my friend." He put his hand on Grigg's shoulder and gave it a squeeze, as he might have done with any soldier under his command. Though none of them would have blushed the way Grigg then did, he was sure.

*

:: I got the job! ::

Markus read the message and grinned. It had been a long few months for Grigg, trying to get his life together. And, whilst part of Markus felt a bit odd that he was privy to all these life changing decisions where Grigg's husband wasn't, he was also glad of it. He enjoyed being there for Grigg. Offering that sort of support to someone was not something that came naturally to him, but he found himself hungry for it. Wanting more and more of Grigg's time and attention.

:: That's amazing, I knew you would! ::

:: Glad one of us did :D ::

Markus huffed a laugh.

"What?" Mathilde asked, looking up from where she sat at the table doing her homework. He'd forgotten where he was and who else was there, Grigg made him reckless and unattentive in a way that would have got him killed during deployment.

"Just good news from a friend," Markus replied, dismissively.

Mathilde raised her brow the same way he always did too, and he knew she wasn't going to drop the subject.

"Oh yeah? Who is this friend that has you on your phone all the time?" She was smiling at him and he could see the fondness there, but behind it conflicted happiness and sadness when finally she hesitantly asked, "what's her name?"

Markus swallowed and shook his head, "I told you, it's just a friend. And he's not a woman." He didn't realise immediately how defensively he had said it- defending Grigg's identity even though she had no idea who he was talking to. But his reaction made her frown and he was

reminded of those weeks after her mother passed, where they were so unable to communicate with each other - entirely his fault.

“He’s a good friend,” Markus replied in a gentler tone, trying to sooth Mathilde who then sat in silence for a long minute, still looking at him. Considering him.

He raised the bottle of beer to his mouth and began to take a sip when she finally replied, slowly and with care.

“It’s okay, you know. If you like someone. If you, um, like someone who isn’t mum. It’s okay if they are a man.”

Markus practically convulsed, spraying his beer out of his mouth and over the small table in front of the sofa.

“It’s not… There isn’t…” He started, but each protest died on his lips because maybe it was, maybe there was… something.

*

Markus knew things were hard for Grigg. His husband was still completely disengaged from their relationship and Grigg had even started his new job and not told him.

He’d been working as a nurse, but years before he had worked in IT and had been very good. Now he was working as an IT consultant and saving the extra money that made him. He was mostly able to keep the same hours, but on those nights when he was meant to be doing nightshifts at the hospital, he was instead with Markus at *their* bar.

But tonight Grigg was very quiet, worrying Markus a great deal.

“What is it?” Markus asked, feeling certain that there was something beyond the usual trials.

“I nearly told him,” Grigg replied quietly.

Markus was surprised at his own internal reaction. Whilst he kept his expression neutral, there was a strange, burning pain in his chest at the words. Feelings he’d never realised he had - possessive. Perhaps after all these months he didn’t want Grigg to tell his husband, because if he did what was there for them? Would he need Markus anymore?

The back of his neck was hot and he realised it went deeper than that. He was jealous. Profoundly so, and in a way he wasn’t sure he ever had been before.

“But you didn’t?” Markus asked, desperately wanting to be the reason that he didn’t. Which was ridiculous, he knew.

“No,” Grigg replied. “You remember last weekend, I told you, we took the kids away for an impromptu camping trip.”

Markus nodded, remembering between family time and lack of signal, how much he’d missed him over just those couple of days.

“It was nice. It felt like old times. I haven’t felt that close to him in years. We had sex for the first time in ages.” Markus didn’t miss the way Grigg studied him before continuing, perhaps suspecting there would be a reaction. And inside there was, his heart now in a vice and his jaw clenched hard. “I thought that perhaps I could tell him everything. We could start over. But then we went back to normal life and nothing had changed. All it did was remind me that we don’t have that anymore. So… I’ve made up my mind.”

“You have?” Markus wasn’t sure what about but his heart was pounding.

“I’m going to leave him.”

*

In truth, Markus hadn’t expected Grigg’s kids to be so good about it all. But maybe that came with being a different generation, he was sure Mathilde would be much the same. If he ever told her what was going on.

Though this was their mother. Or rather, not now. Another dad.

Markus had almost offered to open his home to them, but his brain told him that was a terrible idea only moments before the words almost left his mouth. Instead he helped Grigg look for listings and he was able to find a nice house not far from the kid’s school.

Next had been to come out to them, explain it all. And they understood. Especially when it came to why he hadn’t been able to tell Martin, their father. They weren’t blind to what had been happening with their dad, or between their parents, and they just wanted Grigg to be happy.

Markus had been so happy to read all this in Grigg’s less frequent messages. He understood that life was busy for Grigg right now, and he had to make sure he was there for the kids more than anything. Markus understood that completely.

But their messages became weekly at most, and whilst Markus was happy for Grigg, happy that he didn’t need so much support, he was lost again.

Not because he had lost that contact and closeness with someone, but because -he realised- he had been exploring something about himself at the same time Grigg had. He wasn’t sure where to go now.

*

“Markus,” the voice called out to him from their usual table but it took Markus a moment to realise it was Grigg. His voice was deeper, his hair cut short with sideburns to match. It was curly and looked soft, Markus wanted to put his hands in it.

“Grigg, you look…” He stood as Markus approached and took it in. It had been almost a year since the last time they'd seen each other in person and in that time Grigg had become more masculine, his chest flat from the surgery he had mentioned to Markus.

He was beautiful.

When Grigg's face began to fall, he realised he'd hesitated too long - standing there gawping. No wonder he began to look concerned. Markus moved quickly to Grigg's side, taking a seat and speaking with determination.

"I'm sorry. I didn't hesitate because of you… I mean, I did. I…" he trailed off, unsure what to say. But then a smile crept over Grigg's face at the same rate as the blush spread up Markus' neck.

"It's been a while, I wasn't sure if you'd recognise me." Grigg admitted, his smile lighting up the whole damn room. "I've missed you."

"I've missed you too," Markus replied, unthinking as he automatically reached across and took Grigg's hand.

Grigg stilled at that, then looked around, but no one was minding them. Then he relaxed and Markus did too.

He was holding a man's hand. And it felt so good, so right. Something inside him reared up, wanting to fight it. That same thing that put on a uniform every day for so many years. But now, rear as it might, it was little more than an easily dismissed whisper.

"I really missed you," Markus muttered, his head bowing closer to Grigg's.

So close that he felt as much as heard the sharp breath that Grigg drew. And for a moment Markus thought Grigg was going to lean in and close the space between them, but instead he turned his face away. There was both disappointment and relief in that.

"I told lies," Grigg said, struggling to get the words out.

Markus shook his head, "not being able to be who you are isn't lying--"

"No, not that." Grigg replied, softly. "When I left Martin, I told him I was seeing someone else. I've led him to believe I was with someone… with you…" Grigg looked up then and met Markus' eyes. "I think it was partly because I needed an excuse, a way not to tell him the truth. But I… also, I think it was because it was something I wanted."

"Wanted?" Markus picked up on the past tense and held his breath.

"Want," Grigg corrected. "Do you--"

Markus leaned in and pressed their mouths together, knowing in his heart that nothing else mattered.

*

"I was always your friend, but I didn't always want you." Markus muttered as he pushed Grigg's jacket back off of his shoulders as they stood in Grigg's bedroom. He pulled Grigg's t-shirt up and over his head, pressing a kiss to the now bare shoulder. "Not like this. But I do, I've wanted you desperately for so long."

“Markus,” Grigg whimpered his name and it only made him all the harder. “All this, it’s… you’re okay with it?” He pressed a hand to Markus’ chest.

Markus shook his head, dismissing the words as he took Grigg’s face in his hands and felt the stubble against his palms. “We were both on a journey. You, to becoming the man you always should have been, and me accepting that part of me who…” saying it out loud for the first time made the words catch in his throat, but he forced them out. “Who I am, who I’m attracted to.”

Grigg’s smile was so soft and warm as he nodded, reassuringly. He must know that it would take much longer, much more inflection to finally say the word aloud.

Grigg pressed their lips together and Markus kissed him deeply, wanting nothing more than to explore this whole new world they both found themselves in, whether he could speak the name of it or not. A label that didn’t even really matter. All that mattered was Grigg.

His hands left Grigg’s face, one to snake up into his wonderful curls and the other running downwards. He grazed his fingers over Grigg’s flat chest, his thumb finding the smooth scar under his pec.

When Grigg gasped at the touch, Markus pulled back.

“Is this okay? How… How do you like to be touched? What should I not do? What should I not say?”

“It’s okay, there is fine. I’ve just… started to regain sensation, it caught me off guard,” Grigg smiled. A blush rose on his cheeks as he continued, “You can touch me anywhere, I still like, um, that. If anything I kinda like it more.”

Grigg took Markus’ hand and trailed it down his smooth, toned abdomen and then slid it into his pants. Markus found his own way then, fingers finding wetness, dipping there slightly before drawing back to circle Grigg’s clit. No, not a clit. It was bigger, longer. Hard and swollen in a fleshy sort of way that was different to his own cock, though this was undeniably a cock.

“Not like that,” Grigg winced. “It doesn’t work like that, um, not any more. Sensitive.” He pressed his hand over Markus’ and guided his fingers so that Grigg’s cock sat neatly between two of them, and then he began to stroke. A back and forth motion like wanking, and the way Grigg shuddered and his face contorted, there was no second guessing about how enjoyable it was.

“My body felt so alien to me before,” Grigg panted, rutting against Markus’ fingers. “I like sex, but afterwards, I felt weird… off. But now. I love,” he pulled on Markus’ arm, pushing his hand further until the hint was taken and two fingers grazed his entrance and then slipped inside him. “Love this,” Grigg continued, breathless. “Because it’s mine now, before it was just a thing that was part of my body. But now it really is part of me.”

Markus growled at the words and pressed forward, sinking his fingers deeper into Grigg’s wet heat as he claimed his mouth again.

He felt Grigg tremble against him, his mouth moving to the boy's neck, nipping and kissing there as he fucked him on his fingers, his cock throbbing against Grigg's thigh. He felt him tighten and clench, shudder and claw at his back and then Grigg was coming, clamping down on his fingers, sucking them in.

Grigg cried out and Markus felt the wetness, now painfully hard and in desperate need of release as Grigg squirted in his underwear.

*

It took long minutes for them both to come down from Grigg's climax, Markus shuddering too even though he hadn't come yet.

He hadn't expected such a reaction from Grigg. He hadn't ever made anyone do that before. He wanted to make Grigg squirt again and again.

Once their breathing had evened out, slow kisses resumed and they pulled apart from each other to finish undressing and manoeuvre to the bed.

Markus was still hard by the time he lay back with Grigg straddling him.

"I can show you what I like," Grigg said, his smile bright and radiant. And Markus couldn't wait to learn all of it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!